

will not tolerate the activity of intellectual energy in the pursuit of political truth, must expect the study of the truth to cease. A nation that has ceased to produce original and inventive mind, restless in advancing the landmarks of knowledge and freedom, from that moment has begun to recede towards ignorance and slavery. Every stage backwards renders its return more hopeless.

I am sure that this great error will not last always, and yet I do not think it is near its end. How long it shall endure is known only to Him who, although he commands us to sow and to plant with undoubting faith, that we shall reap and gather the fruits of our culture, reserves to himself, nevertheless, not only the control, but even the knowledge of the forthcoming seasons.

It is because I am unwilling to forego a proper occasion for opposing that error, that I am here to celebrate, over the graves of the Puritans, on this day devoted to their memories, the virtues, the labors, and the sufferings of the Puritans of New England and Old England. My interest in the celebration is not like your own, a derived, but only a reflected one. I am not native here, nor was I born to the manner of this day and holy observance. The dogmatical expositions of the Christian scheme by the Puritans have not altogether commanded my acceptance. I shall, therefore, refrain from even an approach to those finer parts of my great theme, justly familiar to your accustomed orators, which reach the profoundest depths of reverence and love in the bosom of the lineal descendants of the founders of New England. A few years after the death of Napoleon I stood before the majestic column in the Place Vendôme, that bears his statue. When I asked who scattered there a thousand wreaths of flowers, freshly gathered, that covered its base, the answer came quickly back, 'All the world.' So I, one only of the sons of that world, have been permitted to lay my voice to aid your noble project of erecting here a more worthy and more deserved monument to the memory of the Pilgrims. It is, indeed, quite unnecessary to their fame; yet it is, alas! only too necessary to correct the bias of the world's judgment of heroic worth. Make its foundation broad as the domain which the survivors of the May Flower, peacefully and without injustice, rescued from the tramp of savage tribes! Let its material be of the imperishable substance of these everlasting hills! Let its devices and inscriptions be colossal, as becomes the emblems and tributes which commemorate a world's ever upheaving deliverance from civil and religious despotism. Let its shaft rise so high, that it shall reach to the alternate shadows, changing with the progress of the sun in his journey, across the Atlantic and over the intervening mountains to the Pacific coast! It must even then borrow majesty from the rock which was the first foothold of the Pilgrims on these desolate shores, instead of imparting to its sublimity.

The Puritans were a body of obscure religious sectaries, men of monastic devotion, yet retaining the habits of domestic and social life; simple, but not unlearned, unambitious; neither rich enough to forget their God, nor yet poor enough to debase their souls; content with mechanical and agricultural occupations in villages and rural districts, yet conscious of the dignity which their simple and abounding faith, as they thought, they announced, as their own rule of conduct, that no authority of faith, no exercise of ecclesiastical authority, no rule of discipline, and not even a shred of ceremonial or sacrament, should be accepted, unless sanctioned by direct warrant from the Scriptures as interpreted by themselves, in the free exercise of their consciences. They were a people of the Holy Spirit of God, although a benevolent Father was yet, as they believed, jealous toward disobedience of His revealed will, and would punish conscious neglect of His commandments. These were the Puritans. They came into the world to save them from despotism; and the world comprehended them not. They refused to acquiesce in the promises, because it involved a surrender of natural rights, and a violation of principles of duty toward God. Nevertheless, they were true Christians, and therefore they declined to set up their own convictions as a standard for others who subscribed to the Christian faith, and freely allowed to all their fellow subjects the same broad religious liberty which they claimed for themselves. They persisted in non-conformity. The more harshly pressed, the more firmly they persisted. The more firm their persistence, the more severe and unrelenting was the persecution they endured. More than an hundred years actually outlawed as citizens and subjects, and outcasts from the established church, the Puritans bore unflinchingly their unavailing testimony against the compromise, before magistrates and councils, in the pillory, under stripes, in marches, in camps, in prison, in flight, in exile, among lions and soldiers and disolute companions in neighboring lands; on the broad and then unexplored ocean, when the ship's supplies became scanty and her seams opened to the waves; on unknown coasts, homeless, houseless, and famishing; in the leafless forest, surrounded by ice and snow, fearful of savage beasts and confronting savage men. The compromise policy failed. Civil and religious liberty was not overthrown; it rose erect and it triumphed; it is still gaining new and wider and more enduring triumphs; and tyrants have read now the lesson, so often wasted upon them before, that where mankind stand upon their convictions of moral right and duty, in disobedience to civil authority, there is no middle course of dealing with them, between the persecution that they demand, and the toleration that satisfies. The Puritans were not exterminated, they were not satisfied.

The Puritans thus persisted and prevailed because they had adopted one true, singular, and sublime principle of civil conduct, namely: that the subject in every State has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience. They knew too well the weakness of human guarantees of civil liberty, and the frailties of civil government, that they therefore did not affect to derive the right of toleration from the common law, or the statutes of the realm, or magna charta, or even from that imaginary contest between the sovereign and the subject, which some publicists had about that time invented as a basis for civil rights. They resorted directly to a law, broader and more stable than all these—a law universal in its application and in its obligation, established by the Creator and Judge of all men, and therefore paramount to all human constitutions. Algernon Sidney, Locke, and Bacon, and even Hooker, chosen and able champion of the Church of England, demonstrated the existence of this law, revealing the evidences of it, and of its universal nature and application, from natural and revealed religion, in the high debates of the seventeenth century. Blackstone, Vattel, and Montesquieu, have built upon its respective systems of municipal law, public law, and government; and our own Congress has woven into the sacred enduring foundation of the corner-stone of this vast and towering structure of American freedom. The Puritans could therefore lay no claim to the discovery of this great principle, or to the promulgation of it. But the distinguished glory of having first reduced it from speculation to actual and effective application, as a conventional rule of political conduct, is all their own.

This great principle was not only a disturbing, but it was also an offensive and annoying one. It was an appeal from the highest sovereign power in the State, to a sovereign power still higher, and therefore was thought seditions. It is of course encountered then the same ingenious sophistry, which, although often overthrown, has not yet been silenced. It was argued, that if individual conscience may rightly refuse to acquiesce in the results of the general conviction collected by the State and established as law, it may also resist the law by force, which would produce disorder and lead to anarchy. It was argued, also, that inasmuch as civil government is of divine appointment, it must be competent to act as an arbitrator between conflicting consciences, and that implicit obedience to its decrees, as such arbiters, is therefore a religious duty. As might well have been foreseen, there arose, on the side of the Puritans, contentions, worthy of the majestic principle they defended, contentions whose voices, then silenced by repression or reversed by public clamor, have reached this more congenial age, and are now giving form and condensation to the whole science of political ethics. Not again re-

calling the names of Locke and Sidney, there was Edwards, profoundest metaphysician of all ages, and Milton, always discontented and distracted among men, but familiar with angels, and learned in the counsels of Heaven. It was their noblest reply, that unenlightened and unenfranchised consciences will never disturb despotism with their remonstrances, and that consciences illuminated and purified cannot be perverted to error; that God has dedicated to no human tribunal authority to interfere between Himself and the monitor which he has implanted in the bosom of every moral being, and which is responsible to its Author alone; and that the boundaries of human authority are the boundaries of eternal justice, ascertained by the teachings of that monitor which, where it is free and fully awakened, must always be the same. They answered farther, and with decided energy, that traditions and customs, subversive of freedom, were altogether void, because the masses of men living at one time in a State must always have supreme control over their own conduct, in all that concerns their duty to God and their own happiness.

Here my reflections on a subject infinitely suggestive to an end. They will not be altogether fruitless, if I have been at all successful in illustrating the truths, that continual meliorations of society and government are not only possible, but certain; that human progress is slow, because it is only the unfolding of the divine providence concerning man; that the task of directing and aiding that progress is rendered the most difficult of all our labors, by reason of our imperfect knowledge of the motives and principles of human conduct, and of countless unforeseen objects to be encountered; that this progress, nevertheless, must and will go on, whether favored or resisted; that it will go on peacefully if wisely favored, and through violence if unwisely resisted; that neither stability, nor even safety, can be enjoyed by any State, otherwise than by rendering exact justice, which is nothing else than pure equality, to all its members; that the martial heroism, which, invoked after too long passiveness under oppression and misrule, sometimes achieves the deliverance of States, is worthy of all the honor it receives; but that the real authors of all benign reforms are those who search out and seek to remove peacefully the roots of social and political evils, and so avert the necessity for sanguinary remedies; that the Puritans of England and America have given the highest and most beneficent illustration of that conservative heroism which the world has yet witnessed; that they have done this by the adoption of a single true and noble principle of conduct, and by patient and persevering fidelity to it; that they thus overcame a demoralizing political and social reaction, and gave a new and powerful impulse to human progress; that tyranny is decaying, and mankind are credulous, and that therefore political compromise are more necessary to liberty than open usurpation; that the Puritan principle, which was so sublime and so effective, was nothing else than the truth that men retain in every state all the natural rights which are essential to the performance of personal, social, and religious duties; that the principle includes the absolute equality of all men, and therefore tends to a complete equality of all men in pure republican systems; that it has already modified the institutions of Europe, while it has brought into existence republican systems, more or less perfect, throughout the American continent, and is fixing and shaping social institutions wherever civilization is found; that hindrances, delays and reactions of political progress are nevertheless unavoidable, but that they also have corresponding benefits; that it is our duty to labor to advance that progress, chiefly by faith, constancy, and perseverance—virtues which can only be acquired by self-renunciation, and by yielding to the motives of the fear of God and the love of mankind.

Come forward, ye Nations, States, and Races—ruthless, savage, oppressed and despised—enslaved, or naturally warring among yourselves as ye are—upon whom the morning star of civilization hath either not yet dawned, or hath only dimly broken amid clouds and storms, and receive the assurance that its shining shall yet be complete, and its light be poured forth on all eyes, and all hearts, and all souls, and all wills, and all strivings, for the fullness of that light, by the exercise of faith, with patience and perseverance. And ye reverend men, whose precious dust is beneath our unworthy feet, pilgrims and sojourners in this vale of tears no longer, but Kings and Princes now at the right hand of the throne of God, ye who serve our pledges when on the earth—gather yourselves, immortal and awful shades, around us, and witness, not the useless honors we pay to your memories, but our resolves of fidelity to truth, duty and freedom, which issue out of the contemplation of the beneficent operation of your own great principle of conduct, and the ever widening influence of your holy teachings and Godlike example.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1855.

PATRONISE THE BAZAAR!

The Anti-Slavery Bazaar, at PARK HALL, 15 Winter Street, continues to hold out brilliant attractions to the lovers of the beautiful and artistic, and to all who take any interest in the struggling cause of freedom in our land. Its tables present the richest variety of ornamental and useful articles, a generous proportion of which comes from the old world, the gift of philanthropic spirits which are universal in their scope.

There will be speaking at the Bazaar every evening this week, commencing at half past 8 o'clock. The box of beautiful de la Rue STATIONERY has arrived, and will be opened, probably, the present week. The Bazaar will probably remain open until the close of New Year's Day. Give it a lift.

We have received a copy of the new city, entitled 'Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional, Life; by Harriet K. Hunt, M. D.'—and have only room to say of it, in our present number, that it is excellent in its style and matter, full of suggestive thought and lively incident, and worthy of high commendation. It cannot fail to secure a wide circulation.

Among the articles reluctantly deferred till next week, is a notice of the late anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia, at which we had the privilege to be present, and which was truly strengthening. No less than thirteen columns of the last Standard are occupied by a report of the proceedings, made by that most accurate and successful reporter, Mr. WILLIAM H. BURN.

To the exclusion of various articles designed for our present number, we give with pleasure the report of the proceedings of a highly interesting meeting held in the Rev. Mr. Grimes' church, in this city, on the evening of the 17th instant, at which an elegant gold watch (valued at \$150) was presented to Mr. WILLIAM C. NELL, by his colored fellow-citizens, for his long-continued and successful efforts to secure Equal School Rights in Boston. It will be worth to pleasure.

FOREFATHERS' DAY. The anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated on Friday last at Plymouth, by the delivery of an able and philosophical oration on the characteristics of the Puritans, by Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, (some extracts from which may be found in preceding columns.)—and by a public dinner, &c. &c. We have copied from the *Rev* a report of the speech made at the table by WENDELL PHILLIPS, as taken down at the time by Mr. J. M. W. YERRINGTON, whose phonographic skill is not surpassed by any reporter in the country.

We ask the special attention of all our readers, as well as of all editors, to the timely article on our first page from the vigorous pen of DAVID LEE CHILD, Esq., which first appeared in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, relative to the unprovoked and exterminating war now going on against the Indian tribes, under the present lawless and filibustering administration. The heart sickens in the contemplation of such atrocities. Are they to be committed with impunity?

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

At the Dinner of the Pilgrims Society in Plymouth, December 21, 1855.

Mr. Phillips was called upon to respond to the following toast:—

The Pilgrims Fathers—Their fidelity, amid hardships and perils, to truth and duty, has secured to their descendants prosperity and peace.

On rising, the distinguished orator was received with enthusiastic cheers. He spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT.—History tells us that the Pilgrims at this season of the year were very hungry, almost starving, but certainly their descendants must be far more insatiable than they were, if, after all the noble things they have heard to-day, they can ask for more. It seems to me we are in the condition of that man whom Oliver Wendell Holmes describes in one of his lectures. You remember he says that all the lyceum lecturers held a meeting, and found, as a matter of universal experience, that at a certain period in every lecture, a man went out, and each one assigned a different reason for it. One thought it was business, another the heat, and a third fancied it was some offensive sentiment uttered by the speaker. But Holmes, being a physician, performed an autopsy, and found the man's brain was full. [Loud laughter and applause.] Now, sir, I certainly think I may claim that reason for sitting down. After that eloquent and profound oration, and all we have listened to since, surely our brains must be full.

Why, you shall say any thing after all we have heard? Do you not remember, sir, when we were little boys, and followed the martial music, our steps keeping time, street after street, till we came to some broad way, that our fears or our mothers forbade us to enter; and when the music turned away, our tiny feet kept time long afterwards? Can we get away from the spell that took possession of us in yonder church? I can only think in that channel. Who can get his mind away from the deep resounding march with which the speaker carried us from century to century, and held up the torch, and pointed out the significance of each age? All we can do is to utter some little reflection—something suggested by that train of thought.

How true it is that the Puritans originated no new truth! How true it is, also, Mr. President, that it is not truth that agitates the world! Plato in the groves of the Academy sounded on and on to the utmost depth of philosophy, but Athens was quiet. He called around him the choicest minds of Greece, and pointed out the worthlessness of their altars and the sham of public life, and Athens was quiet—it was all speculation. When Socrates walked the streets of Athens, and questioned every-day life, struck the altar till the faith of the passer-by faltered, it came close to action, and immediately they gave him hemlock, for the city was turned upside down. I might find a better illustration in the streets of Jerusalem. What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action. Europe had ideas, but she was letting 'I dare not wait upon I would,' like the oak in the adage. But the Puritans, with native pluck, launched out into the deep sea. Men had been creeping along the Mediterranean, from headland to headland, in their timidity; the Pilgrims launched boldly out into the Atlantic, and trusted God. [Loud applause.] That is the claim they have upon posterity. It was ACTION that made them what they were.

No, they did not originate any thing, but they planted; and the answer to all criticism upon them is to be—TRUE OAK. [Cheers.] The Edinburgh reviewer takes up the acorn, the Mayflower, and says—'I do not see stalwart branches, I do not see a broad tree here.' Mr. President, we are to show it to him. The glory of the fathers is the children. My friend, Mr. Winthrop (if he allows me to call him so) says the pens of the Puritans are their best defence. No, the Winthrops of to-day are to be the best defence of the Winthrops of 1630; they are to write that defence in the broad, legible steps of a life whose polar star is Duty, whose light is Liberty, and whose staff is Justice. [Enthusiastic applause.] The glory of men is not what they actually produce, so much as what they enable others to do. My Lord Bacon, as he takes his proud march down the centuries, may lay his hand on the telegraph and the other on the steamboat, and say, 'These are mine, for I taught you to invent.' And the Puritan, wherever he finds a free altar, free lips, ay, and a free family, may say—'These are mine.' No matter for the stain of bigotry that rests upon his memory, for he taught us these things.

I think, Mr. President, that the error in judging of the Puritans has been that which the oration of to-day sets right. We are to regard them in *posse*, not in *esse*—in the possibilities that were wrapped up in this day 1620, not in what poor human bodies produced at that time. Men look back upon the Carvers and Bradfords of 1620, and seem to think if they existed in 1855, they would be clad in the same garments, and walking in the same identical manner and habit that they did in 1620. It is a mistake. The Pilgrims of 1620 would be, in 1855, not in Plymouth, but in Kansas. [Loud cheers.] Solomon's Temple, they tell us, had the best system of lightning rods ever invented—the anticipated Franklin. Do you suppose if Solomon lived now, he would stop at lightning conductors? No, he would have telegraphs without wires, able to send messages both ways at the same time, and where only he who sent and he who received should know what the messages were.

Do you suppose that if Elder Brewster could come up from his grave to-day, he would be contented with the Congregational Church and the five points of Calvin? No, sir; he would add to his creed the Maine Liquor Law, the Underground Railroad, and the thousand Sharpe's Rifles, addressed 'Kansas,' and labelled 'Books.' [Enthusiastic and long-continued applause.] My idea is, if he took his staff in his hand and went off to exchange pulpits, you might hear of him at the Music Hall of Boston, [where Rev. THEODORE PARKER preaches] and the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn. [Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S.] (Renewed applause.)

We should bear in mind development when we criticize the Pilgrims—where they would be to-day. Indeed, to be as good as our fathers, we must be better. Imitation is not discipleship. When some one sent a cracked plate to China to have a set made, every piece in the new set had a crack in it. The copies you see commonly of 1620 and 1787 have the crack, and very large, too. These and Thos. a stationery hat, bad grammar and worse manners, and an ugly coat, are not George Fox in 1855. You will recognize him in any one who rises from the lap of artificial life, flings away its softness, and starts up with the sight of a MAX. Neither do I acknowledge, sir, the right of Plymouth to the whole rock. No, the rock underlies all America; it only crops out here. [Cheers.] It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognize it always. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill when he said to the Yankee boys—'Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes.' Ingraham did it for ballast when he put his little ship between two Austrian frigates, and threatened to blow them out of the water, if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States, in the case of Kosztz. Jefferson had it for a writing-desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence and the 'Statute of Religious Liberty' for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said, 'Death or free speech!' I recognized the clink of it to-day, when the apostle of the 'Higher Law' came to lay his garland of everlasting—none a better right than he—upon the monument of the Pilgrims. [Enthusiastic cheering.] He says he is not a descendant of the Pilgrims. That is a mistake. There is a pedigree of the body and a pedigree of the mind. [Applause.] He knows so much about the Mayflower, that, as they say in the West, I know he was 'died.' [Laughter and applause.] Ay, sir, the rock cropped out again. Garrison had it for an imposing stone when he looked in the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and said, 'I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.' [Great cheering.]

Sir, you say you are going to raise a monument to the Pilgrims. I know where I would place it, if I had a voice. I should place one corner-stone on the rock, and the other on that level spot where fifty of the one hundred were buried before the winter was over. In that touching, eloquent, terrific picture of what the Pilgrims passed through, rather than submit to compromise, which the orator sketched for us to-day, he omitted to mention that one half of their number went down into the grave; but the remainder closed up shoulder to shoulder, as firm, unfinching, hopeful, as ever. Yes, death rather than the compromise of Elizabeth. [Loud applause.] I would write on their monument two mottoes; one, 'The Right is more than Our Country!' and over the graves of the fifty, 'Death, rather than Compromise!' Mr. President, I detect that word. It is so dangerous, I would not have it even in matters of expediency. As the Irishman said in Jefferson's day, when the 'true-blue' Democrats took him from the emigrant ship hurried him to the swearing-booth, and thence to the ballot-box, urging him to vote the true Democratic government ticket, 'The government! I never knew a government that was not the devil. Give me the opposition!' [Laughter.] The very word is misleading—out with it! I would never have a compromise for any thing. My friend, Gov. Boutwell, says the Puritans had no taste in architecture. I remember the first vote passed after they landed; it was, that each man build his own house. [Cheers.] I am for having each man build his own mental house now, without having too much uniformity in the architecture, and at any rate, keeping clear of compromises and smothering phrases, and all shame and delusions.

What did the Pilgrims do? Why, sir, was a great question at that day which course to take. Cromwell and Hampden stood on one side, Carver and Bradford on the other. Which could best reform the English government, staying at home or going away? History answers which did the most, which has struck the heaviest blow at the English aristocracy, the efforts of those who stood nearest, or the sight and example of America, as she loomed up in gigantic proportions? Mr. President, they say that Michael Angelo once entered a palace at Rome where Raphael was ornamenting the ceiling, and as Angelo walked around, he saw that all the figures were too small for the room. He stood on one side and drafted an immense head proportioned to the chamber; and when his friends asked him why, his reply was, 'I criticize by creation, not by finding fault.' Carver and Bradford did so. They came across the water and created a great model State, and bade England take warning. The Edinburgh reviewer may be seen running up and down the sides of the Pilgrims, and taking their measure—where does he get his yardstick? He gets it from the very institutions they made for him. [Applause.] He would never have known how to criticize, if their creation had not taught him.

Mr. President, I have already detained you much longer than I would. I think to-day the Puritans have received their fit interpreter. We know them. Their great principles were to be carried with us; that one idea, persistency—that was their polar star, and it is the key to all their success. They never lost sight of it. They sometimes talked for Buncombe; they did it when they pressed allegiance to Elizabeth. Our fathers did it when they pressed allegiance to George the Third—it was only for Buncombe. [Laughter.] But, concealed under the velvet phrase, there was the stern Puritan muscle, that held on to individual right. The Puritans believed that institutions were made for Man. Europe established a civilization, which, like that of Greece, made the State every thing, the man nothing. The Man was made for the Institutions; the Man was made for the clothes. The Puritans said, 'No, let us go out and make clothes for the Man; let us make institutions for Men!' That is the radical principle, it seems to me, that runs through all their history. You could not beguile them with the voice of the charmer, 'charm he never so wisely'; but down through all the weary years of colonial history to the period of the Revolution, the Puritan pulse beat in unquenching, never-faltering allegiance to this principle of the sacredness of man. Let us hold on to it; it is to be our salvation.

Mr. President, the toast to which you called upon me to respond, says our fathers have secured prosperity and peace. Yes, 'secured' it. It is not here; we have not yet got it, but we shall have it. It is all 'secured,' for they planted so wisely, it will come. They planted their oak or pine tree in the broad lines of New England, and gave it room to grow. Their great error was, that it should grow, no matter at what cost. Goethe says, that if you plant an oak in a flower vase, either the oak must wither or the vase crack; so men go for saving the vase. Too many now-a-days have that anxiety; the Puritans would have let it crack—so say I. If there is any thing that cannot bear free thought, let it crack. There is a class among us so conservative, that they are afraid the roof will come down if they sweep off the cobwebs. As Douglass Jerrild says—'They can never fully relish the new moon, out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one.' (Great merriment and applause.)

Why, Sir, the first Constitution ever made was framed in the Mayflower. It was a very good Constitution, parent of all that have been made since—a goodly family, some bad and some good. The parent was laid aside on the shelf the moment the progress of things required it. I hope none of the children have grown so strong that they can prevent the same event befalling themselves when necessity requires. Hold on to that idea with true New England persistency—the sacredness of individual man—and everything else will evolve from it. The Pilgrims, Mr. President, did not come from Plymouth, they made their longest stay at Andover. I will tell you an Andover story. One day, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. 'There had never been such a fire,' he said, 'in the county of Essex. A man was going by Deacon Pettigrew's barn, and saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding some how or other getting inside the barn, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country, &c. The Deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. 'What a loss!' says one. 'Why, the Deacon will well-nigh break down under it,' says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another awhile. At last, a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up, and said: 'Did he hit the owl?' (Tumultuous applause.) He was made for that sturdy reformer, of one idea, whom Mr. Seward described.

No matter what the name of the thing be; no matter what the sounding phrase is, what the tab to the whole, always ask the politician and the divine, 'Did he hit that owl?'—Is Liberty safe?—Is Man sacred? They say, sir, I am a fanatic, and so I am. But, sir, we have not yet risen high enough. Afar off, I see Carver and Bradford, and I mean to get up to them. [Loud cheers.]

AWFULING BENEVOLENCE. Our beloved friends, JAMES S. AND ABY H. GIBBONS, of New York, have been called to experience the deepest grief in the sudden death of their only son, WILLIAM GIBBONS, a member of the Sophomore Class in Harvard College, and a grandson of the late revered ISAAC T. HOPKIN, in the 22nd year of his age—a noble and ingenious youth, full of glorious promise, spotless in character, genial and loving in spirit, an apt scholar, and warmly beloved by all who knew him. The sorrowing parents and relatives have our tenderest sympathies in this time of trial; for the blow has fallen with the suddenness of a thunderbolt.

An Address on Slavery will be delivered in the North Bennet Street Free Will Baptist Church, Boston, on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, by FRANCIS E. WATKINS. Go and hear her.

MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WILLIAM C. NELL FOR HIS EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF EQUAL SCHOOL RIGHTS.

Agreeably to previous notice, a meeting of the colored citizens of Boston was held in the Southac Street Church, on Monday evening, the 17th inst., for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Wm. C. Nell for his disinterested and untiring exertions in procuring the opening of the public schools of the city to all the children and youth within its limits, irrespective of complexional differences. The church was crowded by a finely-appearing and evidently intelligent audience, all of whom appeared to take a lively interest in the proceedings.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. L. N. PRINCE, at half past seven o'clock, and organized by the choice of the following officers:—

President,
JOHN T. HILTON.
Vice Presidents,
JONAS W. CLARK, EDWIN F. HOWARD,
SIMPSON H. LEWIS, ROBERT JOHNSON,
WM. H. LOGAN, WILLIAM JOHNSON,
GEORGE W. LOWMYER, LEWIS HAYDEN,
ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., JAMES WRIGHT,
PETER HAWKINS, J. V. DEGRASE, M. D.,
J. S. ROCK, M. D. HENRY HATTON.

Secretaries,
NORSEY P. FREEMAN, GEORGE L. RUTTEN.

Prayer was offered by Rev. CHARLES W. UPHAM, (editor of the *Christian Watchman*), after which the President briefly addressed the assembly, alluding to the various efforts which had been made for the overthrow of the obnoxious and disgraceful caste school, to the shameful abuse with which these efforts had too often been met, by members of School Committees and others, and to the persistent and patient labors of the friends of the movement, which had at last been brought to a triumphant termination. Among those who had remained faithful to the end, (he said,) might be named WILLIAM C. NELL, (applause); who, like Moses of old, would not be put off, but, seeing the suffering and hearing the sighing of the children of his brethren, was moved in his inmost soul to resolve that, if any devotion and energy on his part could accomplish their deliverance. With this determination, he went forward, making all the efforts necessary in the case, until success had crowned his labors; and the meeting that evening was for the purpose of presenting to him a testimonial of their appreciation and gratitude. (Loud applause.)

FLORAL PRESENTATION.

Mrs. CAROLINE BUTLER LEWIS then came forward and sang a Latin invocation, which was repeatedly applauded, and at its conclusion, Master FREDERICK LEWIS, in behalf of the children who have been so highly benefited by Mr. Nell's labors, addressed him as follows:—

'Champion of Equal School Rights, we hail thee! With unbounded gratitude we bow before thee! Our youthful hearts beat for thy incessant labors, and untiring zeal in our behalf. We would fain assist in swelling thy praise, which flows from every lip, but this was a tribute far too small. Noble friend! thou hast opened for us the gate that leads to rich treasures; and as we pass through, ambition lendeth us a hand—ay, she quickeneth our pace; and, as obeying her, we look through the vista of future years, we recognize bright Fame in a field of literary glory, her right hand extended with laurels of honor, to crown those who shall be most fortunate in gaining the platform where she standeth; while before her is spread the banquet, with viands rich and rare, that our literary hunger may be satiated. To this we aspire. To gain this, we will be punctual to school, diligent in study, and well-behaved; and may we be enabled to reach the goal, that, in thy declining years, thy heart may be gladdened by what thine eye beholdeth, and it shall be like a crown of gold encircling thy head, and like a rich mantle thrown around thee, studded with jewels and precious stones.

'Kind benefactor! accept, we entreat thee, this simple token, emblem of the bright, gladsome years of youthful innocence and purity, and as thou hast befriended us, so may we ever prove faithful friends to thee. May the blessings of Heaven attend thee through life's ever-changing scenes and intricate windings, is our prayer.

'Long live Wm. C. Nell, the noble champion of Equal School Rights!' (Prolonged cheering.)

On the conclusion of his address, Master Lewis presented Mr. Nell with a beautiful bouquet, and several bright-eyed lads and misses came forward, each bearing a similar offering. This scene was an exceedingly pleasant one, and the audience expressed their gratification in repeated cheers.

PRESENTATION OF AN ELEGANT GOLD WATCH.

Mrs. GEORGINA O. SMITH then, in the following well-spoken address, presented to Mr. Nell a very fine and costly gold watch, as a token of the regard and esteem of his friends, in whose behalf he had so perseveringly labored:—

MR. NELL.—DEAR SIR.—It is with feelings of the greatest emotion, that I, in behalf of the colored citizens of Boston, appear before you this evening, to present you this watch, as a token of our esteem and respect, for your untiring exertions in securing Equal School Rights for the colored children of the city of Boston. Sir, it would be difficult for me to describe the heartfelt feelings of respect and gratitude our colored friends entertain for you;—you, who were never known to swerve from your course, but were always ready when an opportunity occurred to plead and battle for the rights of the people with whom you are identified;—you, who were never weary or disheartened, even when the battle raged fiercest, or the object at which you aimed seemed almost unattainable; from day to day you persevered, and those who met you, even to-day, saw Hope seated upon your brow, and its light irradiating your countenance. With you, there was 'no such word as fail.'

And now, knowing these things to be so, I present to you this token of our respect; and may the citizens of Boston always feel a warm regard for this our tried and valued friend, and may the name of WILLIAM C. NELL be handed down to posterity as the champion of Equal School Rights. (Loud cheers.)

The watch bears this inscription:—A Tribute to WILLIAM C. NELL, from the colored citizens of Boston, for his untiring efforts in behalf of Equal School Rights, Dec. 17, 1855.

ADDRESS OF MR. NELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen.—The struggle for Equal School Rights, which for so long a series of years has taxed our hearts, our hands and our hands, having, through the aid of many friends, at length been triumphantly successful, it was but natural that the gratitude of parents and children should desire to make some record of the emotions awakened by such a signal and public good. With partial kindness, you have been pleased to make me the recipient of these honors, in recognition of the humble services it was my privilege to render the cause we all have loved so well.

Any attempt to express the feelings which swell my heart at this, the proudest moment of my life, is no affectation to say, would be wholly unavailing. Your own hearts can best interpret mine. To be surrounded by such a constellation of friends from various walks of life, comprising those who have known me from early boyhood, and those of but recent acquaintance—realizing the fact that this is our glorious testimonial, approving my course in so glorious a reform—to be elaborated on such a theme calls for abilities far transcending any that I possess. I should be doing injustice, however, to my own sense of right were I to allow the occasion to pass without

referring to others whose words and deeds, in the progress of the movement, should engrave their names indelibly upon the tablets of our memory.

To secure accuracy of names and dates, I have permitted them to paper; but, anticipating the many who have graced our meeting with their presence, I will be as brief as the circumstances will permit.

In the year 1829, while a pupil in the famous story of the Belknap-street church, Hon. HARRISON OTIS, then Mayor of the city, accompanied Hon. Samuel T. Armstrong to an examination of the Free School. It chanced that Charles A. Butler, James Woodson and myself were pronounced entitled to the highest reward of merit. In lieu of Franklin Mass. legitimately our due, Mr. Armstrong gave each of us a book. On Dec. James Loring's *Bookkeeper for the Lib* of Benjamin Franklin. This is the copy I presented. The white medal scholars were invited guests to the Faneuil Hall dinner. Having a boy's curiosity to see the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' I made good my court with one of the waiters, and allowed me to seek to serve others as the free school myself, the physical being that was so educating. Mr. Armstrong improved a prudent moment in whispering to me, 'You ought to be here with the other boys.' Of course, the same idea had more than once been mine, but his remark, while witnessing the award to white scholars, only augmented my indignation all the more, by the intuitive inquiry, 'Why have you not taken steps to improve it?' If you think so, why

The impression made on my mind, by this day's experience, deepened into a solemn vow, that, in helping me, I would do my best to hasten the day when the color of the skin would be no barrier to equal rights. I need not tell you that it was several years before any movement could be made promising a favorable result. In the year 1840, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Francis Jackson, Henry W. Williams, and myself signed a petition, asking the City Government to grant equal school rights. Of course, but the 1840, another petition was forwarded from George Putnam and eighty-five others. In 1849, Jonas W. Clark and 227 others renewed the appeal, which was signed by individual skirmishes not always confined to one city, until, in May, 1854, George F. Williams, Esq., submitted an able report to the City Government, commending equal rights and equal privileges to colored children. His efforts, responded to by a few members of each branch, paved the way for that action in the succeeding Legislature which accomplished the long-sought-for object. As a means to this end, petitions were circulated, and though but to a limited extent, it resulted in 1469 names being forwarded. (Of the number, I had the honor of obtaining 211 in Boston, which was augmented by 87 through the exertions of our zealous friend Lewis Hayden. It will not be tedious to mention two places in the Commonwealth where earlier and successful struggles in the same reform prompted their ready and cheerful cooperation with us. Wesley Berry headed the one from Nantucket, and the name of Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, with the leading gentlemen and officials, graced the other from Salem. 114 names—a success achieved by the joint labors of the wife of Charles Lenox Remond and Mr. George Putnam, formerly of this city. John B. Bailey and Peter Randolph in Charleston were faithful auxiliaries, and the exertions of white anti-slavery friends, like Bridgewater, Lexington

Friendship's flame within your bosoms burn,
And, hand in hand, improvement's course pursue,
Till scenes of bliss have faded from your view;
Then your glad spirits, free from bonds of clay,
Shall soar triumphant to the home of day—
Where softer dew than Hermon's give perfume
To flowers sweeter than in Sharon bloom,
Entrancing music breathe in airs divine,
And toil no more the spirit's light confine;
But ever onwards through its bright abode,
Back in the presence of its Maker, God."

Mr. Nell's address was frequently interrupted by applause, especially at the mention of those anti-slavery facts.

This victory over which they had met to rejoice was indeed a great gain; it was a basis, and would lead to something else. This struggle reminded him to urge upon them union among themselves wherever their rights were concerned. He remembered that, on one occasion, when, with two or three others, he went up

Mr. Garrison said that he rejoiced that the prejudice against color was dying out, as a result of the anti-slavery struggle. The victory they had achieved went to prove what the abolitionists had so often affirmed, that the color of the skin has nothing at all to do with this prejudice, except, for the time being, to identify the victim to be hated and proscribed. The moment it was braved and with, and the struggle became successful, nobody dreamed of talking about the impossibility of the complexion of the complexion. Why?


and they should resolve to do their duty, and if the white man attempted to brow-beat them, let them stand up before him ; and if he was determined to drive roughed over them and their rights, let them, like the shaven monk, throw themselves under the wheels of

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